

The Washington Times Magazine Page



THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

A Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift by
WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Growing Child

Curvature of Spine.

KEEP HIM WELL

U. S. Public Health Service.

Follow This Great Serial Here, Then Watch
for It in Motion Pictures Personally
Directed by Albert Capellani

"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the Macmillan Co., has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions and will be released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL.
Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.

H. JOHN HODDER, had held fast to the essential efficacy of the word of God as proclaimed in past ages by the fathers. It is only fair to add that he did so without pride or bigotry, and with a sense of thankfulness at the simplicity of the solution (ancient, in truth) which, apparently by special grace, had been vouchsafed him. And to it he attributed the flourishing condition in which he had left the Church of the Ascension at Bremerton.

"We'll never get another rector like you," Alice Whitely had exclaimed with tears in her eyes, as she bade him good-by. And he had rebuked her. Others had spoken in a similar strain, and it is a certain tribute to his character to record that the underlying hint had been lost on Hodder. His efficacy he insisted, lay in the Word. Hodder looked at his watch, only to be reminded poignantly of the chief cause of his heaviness of spirit, for it represented concretely the afflictions of those whom he had left behind, brought before him vividly the purple haze of the Bremerton valley, and the garden party, in the ample Whitely grounds, which was their tribute to him, and he beheld, moving from the sunlight to shadow, the figure of Rachel Ogden. She might have been with him now, speeding by his side into the larger life!

In his loneliness, he seemed to be gazing into prophetic eyes. Nothing had passed between them. It was he who had held back, a fact that in the retrospect caused him some amazement. For, if wifehood were to be regarded as a profession, Rachel Ogden had every qualification. And Mrs. Whitely's skillful suggestions had on occasions almost brought him to believe in the reality of the mirage—never quite.

Orthodox though he were, there had been times when his humor had borne him upward toward higher truths, and he had once remarked that promising to love forever was like promising to become President of the United States. One might achieve it, but it was independent of the will. Hodder's idea had had only known—transcended the rubric.

His feeling for Rachel Ogden had not been lacking in tenderness, and yet he had recoiled from marriage merely for the sake of getting a wife, albeit one with every qualification. He had shrank instinctively from the humdrum, and sought the heights, stormy though these might prove. As yet he had not analyzed his craving.

This he did know—for he had long ago torn from his demon the draperies of disguise—that women were his great temptation. Ordination had not destroyed it, and even during those peaceful years at Bremerton he had been forced to maintain a watchful guard.

He had a power over women, and they over him, that threatened to lead him constantly in wondrous paths, and often he wondered what those who listened to him from the pulpit would think if they guessed that, at times, he struggled with suggestion even now. Yet, with his

hatred of compromises, he had scorned marriage.

THE SPARK LIVES ON.

The yoke of unholy loves! Even now, as he sat in the train, his mind took its own flight backward into that remote past that was still a part of him; to secret acts of his college days the thought of which made him shudder; yes, and to riots and revelries.

In youth, his had been one of these boiling, contagious spirits that carry with them, irresistibly, tamer companions. He had been a leader in intermittent raids into forbidden spheres; a leader also in certain more decorous pursuit—if athletics may be so accounted; yet he had been capable of long periods of self-control, for a cause. Through it all a spark had miraculously been kept alive.

Popularity followed him from the small New England college to the Harvard Law School. He had been soberer here, marked as a pleader, and at last the day arrived when he was summoned by a great New York lawyer to discuss his future. Sunday intervened. Obeying a wayward impulse, he had gone to one of the metropolitan churches to hear a preacher renowned for his influence over men.

There is, indeed, much that is stirring to the imagination in the spectacle of a mass of human beings thronging into a great church, pouring up the aisles, crowding the galleries, joining in full voices in the hymns. What drew them? He himself was singing words familiar since childhood, and then suddenly they were fraught with a startling meaning!

"Fill me, radiance divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!"
Visions of the Crusades rose before him, of a friar arousing France, of a Maid of Orleans; of masses of soiled, war-worn, sin-worn humanity groping toward the light.

After all these ages, the belief, the hope would not down.

Outside, a dismal February rain was falling, a rain to wet the soul. The reek of damp clothes pervaded the gallery where he sat surrounded by clerks and shop girls, and he pictured to himself the dreary rooms from which they had emerged, drenched by the mysterious fire on that night.

Below him, in the pews, were the rich. Did they, too, need warmth?

A NEW OUTLOOK.
Then came the sermon, "I will arise and go to my father."

After the service, far into the afternoon, he had walked the wet streets heedless of his direction, in an ecstasy of his heart felt before, but never with such intensity. It seemed as though he had always wished to preach, and marvelled that the perception had not come to him sooner. If it came now, he had listened could pour the light into the dark corners of other men's souls, he, John Hodder, felt the same hot spark within him—despite the dark corners of his own.

As dusk came to himself, hungry, tired, and wet, in what proved to be the outskirts of Harlem. He could see the place now; the lonely, wooden houses, the ramshackle saloon, the ugly, yellow gleam from the street lamps in a line along the glistening pavement; beside him, a lowering hill of granite with a real estate sign, "This lot for sale." And he had stood staring at it, thinking of the rock that would have to be cut away before a man could build there—and so read his own parable.

How much rock would have to be cut away, how much patient chipping before the edifice of which he had been dreaming could be reared? Could he ever do it? Once removed, he would be building on rock. But could he remove it? To help revive a faith, a dying faith, in a material age—that indeed were a mission for any man!

He found his way to an elevated train, and as it swept along stared unseeing at the people who pushed and jostled him. Still under the spell, he reached his room and went to the lawyer "Thanking him, but saying that he had reconsidered coming to New York. It was not until he had posted the letter, and was on his way back to Cambridge that he fully realized he had made the decision of his life.

WOULD IT LAST?
Magistrings, many of them, had come to the months that followed, magistrings and struggled, mocking queries. Would it last? There was the incredulity and amazement of nearest friends, who tried to dissuade him from so extraordinary a proceeding. Nobody, they said, ever became a parson in these days; nobody, at least, with his ability.

He was throwing himself away. Ethics had taken the place of religion; intelligent men didn't go to church. And within him went on an endless debate. Public opinion made some allowance for frailties in other professions; in the ministry, none; he would be committing himself to be good the rest of his life, and that seemed too vast an undertaking for any human.

The chief horror that haunted him was not failure—for oddly enough he never seriously distrusted his power to succeed. The chief horror was that, if he failed, would God give him the strength to fight his demon? If he were to gain the heights, only to stumble in the sight of all men, to stumble and fall!

Booming echoes of the hideous mockery of it rang in his ears; where is the God that this man proclaimed? He saw the newspaper

THE GANG AND 'SISSY JOHNSON



"HE'S GOT ON MY NEW
STRIPED JERSEY
AND STOCKINGS AND
PANTS AND EVERYTHING
HAVING HIS
PICTURE
TAKEN
IN THEM!"

GO AHEAD
SHOOT

Sissy Johnson will never
make the football team now after
the howl he put up when the captain
borrowed his swell football suit.

(Copyright, 1920, by Pontaine Fox.)

Is Marriage a Success?

WIFE WAS AN INSPIRATION.

I know a girl, accustomed to some luxury and comfortable surroundings, who agreed to share the life and poverty of an honest man; one whom she loved, and in whom she had absolute confidence. They took a small, fourth-floor flat, badly in need of repair, with no conveniences, and had very little furniture to start out with. In fact, most of the kitchen furniture was made of store boxes, covered with oilcloth.

After they were settled the young husband looked at him and said, "Well, it's a good thing we are not dependent upon our surroundings for happiness." Which was very true. That had each other and love, which to them was everything. They were superior to their environment, and felt perfectly capable of mastering the circumstances of life.

What they possessed was youth, health and strength, a perfectly good mind apiece, four good hands, and good will. They were deaf to the opinions and criticism of a vain world, and were great enough, even in this present age, to live their own life in their own way. They had nothing which they could not afford, but they tried to make the most of what they had, and they were not ashamed.

Their little flat had a southern and eastern exposure, and there was plenty of light and air. They had also a full view of a perfectly glorious sunset. Nearly every evening they set together on the back porch, enjoying that marvel of beauty in the western sky—while the evening meal waited. There are some people in the world who enjoy a beautiful sunset, or the wondrous beauty of God's great out-of-doors, and life in the open; and who find more real pleasure in a game of tennis or golf, or a cross-country walk, than in a movie show.

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PUTS IT UP TO THE GIRLS.

What has become of the girl who encouraged a man's ideals instead of destroying them? It is easy to find the bad in a man, but more difficult to find the good. He may be rewarded by finding the good. Convince a man that you are

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FROM A STRANGER.

I am a stranger here in your city. I am a married woman and have traveled a great deal, so I think I have seen just a little of life. The short time I have been in this city I have been insulted twice, and it seems a sort of game to some men, driving up to the curb and inviting one to take a ride. Now, I don't think all men should be blamed for what some do. I would put them in two classes—one class first just to get acquainted with a lady they would like to know; the other class is the kind of men who curse you if you refuse their insulting invitations for a good time.

But this is not the only city where this occurs. Then, there are two classes of women—one class who are more than willing to be invited out; and the other class are the women who do not go out. The fault I find is, the men don't stop to discover the difference. A STRANGER.

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BOOKS

PARADISE BEND. By William Fetter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

One looks in vain in the earlier chapters of this story of the rolling land of cattle ranges and cowboys for those homicidal incidents which custom has decreed to be necessary to stories of the West. Instead, a great portion of the book is devoted to Tom Louder's efforts to run down a band of rustlers engaged in altering brands on other men's cattle, to the end that they might claim them as their own. At odd moments in his detective work, he woos Kate, fair daughter of his employer; drinks liquor, and plays poker.

Occasionally, the ready six-shooter flashes from holster, or is drawn lightning-quick from its place of concealment between vest and shirt, but the cowardly sheriff of the Paradise Bend country, on whom the hero is wont to offend to bend his gun, prefers to run away and live rather than to fight it out. But the persevering reader eventually gets in at the death. The author has concentrated most of the action in one thrilling, never-to-be-forgotten chapter—a regular field day of killing—when the major portion of inhabitants of the town of Farewell (appropriate name) seize a piece, revolver, sawed-off shotgun, or whatever lethal weapon happened to be the favorite, and start in to exterminate all who differ as to the sanctity of cattle brands.

From the general store of Mike Flynn, from the hotel of Bill Lalney, from saloons, from barns, from corrals, from abodes of humble citizens, earnest young men run their eyes along gleaming sights, and the smoke of battle drifts slowly above the red flashes of deadly conflict.

As the battle waxes, and wanes, and dies away to an occasional shot, and ends in ominous silence, Bill Lalney enumerates the tally of the day's activities. Says the hero, Louder, to Bill:

"There ain't so many folks on the street."

"There won't be for awhile," declared Bill Lalney. "We buried twenty-three folks day before yesterday, hanged twelve up the road—a piece, an' Scotty an' Jack Richie an' that crowd rubbed out nine o' the boys that slid out o' the Happy Heart over by Dead Horse Spring."

"Any of our boys get it?"

"Long Riley an' Masters of the Cross-in-a-Box went out here in town, an' three fellers in the battle at Dead Horse. Our tally was more. We lost seven of our best citizens."

"I am tempted to wonder, with the hecatomb, how the West ever became populated."

W. T. W. G.

Do You Walk Correctly?

Here's a test to show whether you walk correctly or not. Can you lift a pencil with your toes? To lift a pencil in this way you press it against the ball of the foot with your toes. If you can do this it shows that your foot muscles are strong and that you have been walking correctly. This is the test given to Cincinnati girls by the Y. W. C. A. physical director of that city in a "sensible shoe campaign" that has been conducted among teen-age girls.

Demonstrations show that comparatively few girls can pass this test, and this is laid to the wearing of improper shoes, which cause incorrect walking.

This Day in Our History.

This is the anniversary of the putting into effect, in 1765, of the Stamp act, which led to the revolt of the colonies and eventually cost the ill-judged rulers of Britain their richest possessions in America.

BROADLY speaking, lateral curvature of the spine may be divided into two classes—functional and structural—though there seems to be an intermediate or transitional stage between the two. A functional lateral curve is a postural one, of mild degree, in which no actual change in bone has taken place. In a structural, or organic, lateral curve, certain changes have occurred in the bones of the spine and the ribs. These may vary from the mild case, in which these changes are not extensive, to the severe form where the alterations in the bones are marked and the deformity is extreme.

The ordinary case of "round shoulders" or "round back" differs from lateral curvature in that the former is simply an exaggeration of the normal forward and backward curves of the spine, usually associated with an abnormal forward position of the shoulder blades, while the latter is a bending of the spine to one on both sides. In the "hunch back" of the tuberculous spine, the condition is due to past or present disease, while in lateral curvature the changes in the bones are not due to disease in the spine but to abnormal pressure and strain. "Hunch back" and lateral curvature may exist together, but they are very different conditions.

WEAK MUSCLES.

The bending to the side in lateral curvature is invariably accompanied by a twisting of the spine, and this twisting is responsible for the projection backward or fullness of one side of the back. The position of this fullness in relation to the lateral curve is the distinguishing feature between functional and organic lateral curvature. It has been found that about 25 per cent of school children are affected with some form of lateral curvature, the larger proportion of which is of the functional type.

Lateral curvature may be due to any one or more of many causes, and in some cases it is impossible to point to any particular cause. In general terms, it may be said to be the result of any condition that causes the spine to be held habitually in a curved position during the growing period. Weak muscles and a certain yielding quality of bone are conditions that favor its development.

Among the many causes of lateral curvature, besides malformation and asymmetry of bone, may be mentioned unequal vision and hearing, habit or occupation, rickets, paralysis, and emphysema. If one or more of these causes are present in a child with weak muscles and yielding bone, bad school conditions, such as unsuitable chairs or desks, improper lighting, long periods of inactivity, and the like, will naturally tend to aggravate the trouble, though it probably began before the child entered school.

ROUND SHOULDERS.

Since it is true that lateral curvature may be associated with either round shoulders or a flat back, the mother can not use their conditions as evidence for or against the existence of lateral curvature. But she (or the dressmaker) may notice that the child's shoulders are not the same height, or that one projects farther backward than the other, or that one side of the back is fuller or more prominent than

Mashing—What The Times Readers Think.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES TO MAKE A STARE.

Who are the mothers of these "baby vamps"?

And, another thing, why don't the police make arrest attempts to discourage the auto-flirts, who drive fearfully to the curbs with their purring motors and accost unescorted girls?

The bureau of escorts suggested by M. M. L. is, of course, impractical and silly, to say the least. Few men will attempt to flirt with a girl unless they get some encouragement. I believe this applies even to most "baby vamps."

Remember, it takes two pairs of eyes to make a stare.

"CHECKERS."

DON'T NEED A POLICEMAN.

I am taking up for the girls of northeast, who are fourteen and fifteen years of age, for I know they are the ones "Dutch" is referring to. All my girl friends are fourteen and fifteen, but none have to be escorted home by a policeman, like some girls of eighteen we have heard of. If the eighteen-year-olds would show a better example there would be no need of policemen. It seems that "Dutch" wants to make babies of these fourteen and fifteen-year-old girls, but they are going to have a good time just the same.

NORTHEAST.

The Beverage of an Emperor.

Columbus first brought the cacao pod to Europe, and later his fellow countryman, Cortez, found that chocolate was the national drink of Mexico. Montezuma, the Emperor of the Aztecs, being its first great patron.

RICH FABRICS RETURN!

—but how will you drape them?



Will you wear velvet? Or rich brocade? Or will you choose more supple silks and satins—gorgeous with gold and silver trimmings?

But how will you drape your newest gowns?—for draped they must be. Will you choose youthful fullness, or the slim grace that is permitted in this gown for Spinnely, on the left, of sunset brown satin? Pointed drapes from collar to hem in slender clinging lines. Surely you could not wish anything lovelier!

But what of hats? and wraps? and furs? and the newest accessories? Every one of your questions is answered in

THE WINTER FASHIONS

Harper's Bazar

—and in addition fiction to read while others less informed are tiring themselves in endless search of shops.

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A Daily Recipe

EGG PUMPKIN PIE.
2 cups canned pumpkin.
1/2 cup brown sugar.
1/2 cup white sugar.
3 eggs.
1 teaspoonful each ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg.
1/2 teaspoonful salt.
Method: Mix the sugar, spices, and salt. Beat the egg and add to pumpkin just as it comes from the can. Mix the liquid and dry materials and bake in large pastry-lined pie plate. This pie will serve six.

Wholesale Selling Price of Beef in Washington

Prices realized on Swift & Company's sales of carcasses beef on shipments sold out for period shown below, as published in the newspapers, averaged as follows, showing the tendency of the market:

Week Ending	Range Per Cwt.	Av. Price Per Cwt.
Sept. 11	18.41	18.41
Sept. 18	18.66	18.66
Sept. 25	19.37	19.37
Oct. 2	18.73	18.73
Oct. 9	18.10	18.10
Oct. 16	17.18	17.18
Oct. 23	16.01	16.01
Oct. 30	\$14.00	\$26.00, \$17.82

Swift & Company
U. S. A.



A Girl You Will Love in a Novel You Will Never Forget

NAN of the Sawdust
Pile, beautiful outcast of Port Agnew—Nan, herself motherless, and now the mother of a nameless child—Nan, who will tug at your heart-strings, who will win your love, your faith, your sympathy. Nan, the wistful, appealing heroine of

Kindred of the Dust

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